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ADDRESS

ON THE

ATLANTA REGISTER

TO THE

PEOPLE OF THE

CONFEDERATE STATES.

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ADDRESS

OF THE ATLANTA REGISTER,

TO THE PEOPLE

OF THE

Confederate States.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: We are indeed fellow-countrymen in a new and most impressive sense. The ritual of sorrow in which all great Revolutions chaunt to human hearts, their deepest meanings, has consecrated us afresh to one another in the offices of patriotic fellowship. Fellow-countrymen, by virtue of birth and blood; united through those common traditions and sentiments which, at the period of our ancestral age, formed an era in the career of Modern Civilization, and in our day, have re-produced themselves with a broader significance; sharing, too, the same instincts, the same aims, the same heroic inspirations; we have been made fellow-countrymen in a larger measure of affection by means of those sacrifices and sufferings, which Providence has ordained, and, in ordaining, has anointed us to endure. A holier sanctity, breathed from Heaven, has been imparted to our civil and social relations. The strong fibres that three years since bound us to fathers, brothers, sons, now bind us to the soil, in which their martyred dust reposes. We are Fellow-countrymen as we never were before. If we rightly appreciate this fact, it may lead us into those wide realms of thought which involve the momentous future. Sub-

lime and impassioned feelings are the highest achievement of Revolutions; and be assured, if this gigantic conflict draw you closer together, there will spring from it that profounder conviction of human brotherhood which American civilization has, hitherto, violated, and thereby incurred a guilt, for which it stands arraigned at God's most righteous bar.

Repeat it, then, to your hearts, that we are Fellow-countrymen in this terrific struggle, and that these words, always a voice of historic and prophetic import, have to-day an emphasis past computation. The decree of Providence has transfigured us into a oneness such as no people ever exhibited. Heroic qualities, once regarded as the attributes of the few, have, during this strife, immortalized the many. The whole population has been condensed into one mighty incarnation of valor, and, for the first time in the annals of humanity, men, women, children, have been joint-participants in a grand conflict, and joint heirs of its illustrious renown. Towards one another, towards our political institutions we are all republicans—the same republicans as when in 1789, we shaped the American Constitution to be the embodiment of the popular will. Civ-

ilization never outgrows a great principle; circumstances never lessen its value; time, ruthless in all else, never dooms it to decay. A great principle is not an invention, not a discovery, not a creation. It is a revelation—the thought of God communicated to man; and as He pleases, at different intervals, page after page, chapter after chapter, are added to those Providential Scriptures, which, like the Bible to the Christian, form the text-book for earthly faith and practice. The nature of such a principle renders it supreme. Invested with supremacy, it subordinates all other principles to itself, infuses into them its vitality, and reigns as sovereign in the world of thought. Rule it will, rule it must, because Almighty God is in it.

Such a principle is the sovereignty of the people. But, while we are Republicans, hereditary, organic Republicans, let your enemies understand, my countrymen, that you are towards them and their barbarian Democracy, an aristocracy in arms. The true cavalier blood flows in your veins, the true cavalier spirit throbs in your arteries, and as long as veins and arteries reciprocate each other's office, so long will you show the majestic bearing that now confronts your adversaries. This blood, this spirit, makes you an unit. Nor can you be otherwise than you are. Brutes lose their instincts; men, never. It is this instinct that your savage enemies are fighting. They know its power. "Power, did I say?" 'Tis not a power, but a force. Your enemies remember its history, its jealousy of Federal authority, its sacramental fidelity to conviction. Sagacious enough to foresee how this instinct, embodying itself in the only true conception of American Liberty, must permeate this continent—how propagative its intense vitality—how resistless its subtle and electric sympathy, they have deemed no expenditure of treasure too costly, no volume of life too large, no energy too titanic, no carnival of death too horrible, if they can but crush its mighty strength. But in conformity with the victorious pur-

poses of this, revolution, Providence has long been preparing you by a series of events stretching from the Jamestown of 1607 to the Richmond of 1864, for that unity of sentiment, will and prowess, which you now display. Such a sublime spectacle the world never beheld. Eight millions of people stand ready to be eight millions of martyrs. France in the days of the great Revolution had her La Vendee. The dynasty of Cromwell had Charles the Second in waiting for the hour of reaction; while in the Revolution of 1688, such was the division of opinion and feeling in England, and so eagerly was it fostered by France, that William could not rely upon his own subjects to furnish means for supporting his Government. Not so with us. The unity evinced in this Revolution is more remarkable than the Revolution itself; nor should we regard it as a mere feature, but as an internal principle of life, which, called long since into being and constantly nourished by the resources of accumulating energy, has entered finally on its magnificent work.

Do not overlook this cardinal fact. Do not misapprehend its nature and bearings. It is not a fortunate accident, nor a lucky circumstance, but a genuine historical result. To comprehend the import of this unity, you must not simply study the political and social events, which, during two centuries, have transpired on this hemisphere. These events themselves were historic results, links in that chain of unity which now binds you so firmly together. The original charters under which the American colonies were settled: the physical geography of our section of the continent; the peculiarities of blood, temperament and habits; these are the sources to which this unity must be traced. Nor must you fail to notice that Southern unity has been a fundamental fact in the entire career of American civilization. But for its energetic activity, the incipient policy of the thirteen colonies would never have shaped itself in the particular form of freedom which it secured. It gave the specific aim to the Revolution

of 1776. It wrote the Declaration of Independence. It made Otis and Adams, the Patrick Henrys of New England. Had its presence as an inspiration, been wanting in 1812, the memorable war that determined our Foreign-Policy, and introduced American ideas into International Law would not have been fought. Strengthened by these conquests of principle much more than by material acquisitions, this same unity of the South opened the Valley of the Mississippi, added the Empire of Texas, and enriched the wealth of the whole country with the gold of California. Such is its past. But its present is still more significant; and to day, January 1st, 1864, after accomplishing its providential purpose in the Union, it has been detached from its long-cherished connections, that it may enter upon a sphere wider, nobler, and far more momentous to the welfare of the American continent, to the interests of universal brotherhood, and to the destinies of future ages, than it has hitherto occupied.

A PROVIDENTIAL RACE.

First of all, then, my countrymen, you should realize that you are a Providential Race. The idea of races, separated from the economy of Providence, has no logical or moral value. It is a *post mortem*, illuminated by the lamp of the sepulchre. Worthless as a speculation, it becomes one of the most pernicious of errors, when statesmanship undertakes to deal with its great facts on the mere ground of selfish and sordid interests. The philosophical and practical problems of the age, which now engage so much attention, are mainly resolvable into the relations of races to one another, and to the race as a whole. The "*one blood*," out of which, in its containing fulness, God hath made "*all nations*," could never have unity unless it had variety; there could not exist a race except in the form of races; and hence to attain a perfect civilization as the patrimony of man, these distributions of brain and heart, these direct instincts that hug

the sands of the desert in the Arab, cling to the sea in the Scandinavian, keep down Mongolians on the same fixed level with their remote ancestry, but convert Norse pirates into English Lords. These are the forces dividing the race into present inequalities for future wholeness. Usages, arts, institutions, politics, are matters of races; nor can we have political economy or international law worthy of their ideal functions until this fact is seen as fundamental. Each of these races has its providential offices, its allotted limits, individuality of endowments, its divine tasks, its ultimate ends. Agreeably to this truth, we shall make little progress in a rational system of international industry, or in the establishment of a basis for the pacification of the conflicting interests of the world, unless we comprehend the economy of Providence in the organization of races.

You belong to the Anglo-Saxon Race. In politics, its race-feature is representation; in science, induction; in art, utility, and then beauty; in society, domesticity; in trade, cosmopolitanism; in religion, Protestantism. So thoroughly ingrained are these instincts, that they assert themselves everywhere, under all circumstances, with overmastering energy. For the fusion of other elements into themselves, these instincts have an unbounded capacity. For the maintenance of their chosen ground, they outwork and outfight the world. Such are the qualities, my countrymen, that designate your Providential position. Apply any test of Providence to the settlement of your ancestors in these lands; to the Anglo-Saxon instincts and aspirations which made them the pioneers of a new continent no less than the prophets of a new age; to the Scotch, Irish, and Huguenot sentiments, which, on the one hand, gave such an emphasis to their political doctrines, and, on the other, such impassioned intensity to their feelings, to the physical laws of soil and climate which they were compelled to obey; to the imperial sense of personal individuality which their

plantation life created; to the thorough consistency with which they remained Englishmen until England, in a swoon of her political intellect, ceased to be England to them; to their transformation into Americans by the outgrowth of ideas from within, so that their new political civilization represented themselves, not their industry and trade, as it did at the North; and then study the wide historic unfoldings of these facts, and you will need no further proof that Providence has stamped its seal upon your race. But while the argument requires no confirmatory evidence, it cannot be expletive to furnish illustrations of its truth.

Look, fellow-countrymen, at the fact, that your statesmen conceived the theory of the American Constitution, and that they, always more devoted to the service of the Federal Government than to domestic and local statesmanship, furnished the leaders under whose guidance the Union grew into continental magnitude. Look, too, how they guarded the doctrine of State Sovereignty, the providential principle of American civilization; and the germ of all the industrial and social grandeur of this hemisphere. Look at the African, committed to your hands as a solemn trust from God, that by means of servitude you might remove the curse from his original condition, and put him under a system of remedial advancement. Europe never could have used Africa for any purpose connected with the world's progress. Fixed laws forbade it. The vast continent, disowned and degraded, swung from Asia-Europe as a world of dead sand. But you have made it a living world. It has unloosed itself from Asia-Europe, and, binding itself to your magnificent domain, it has become a fruitful tropic. Such facts are Providence in flesh and blood. Through their instrumentality Providence incarnates itself so that we may see it, hear it, handle it, walk with it. The highest dignity of a race, its genuine power, its capacity for enlargement by absorption from without as well as by growth from within, its ability to serve the world, these all

proceed from a sense of that Providential ministry which it executes. The true life of a nation can be nothing else than a working out of its Providential ordinations. Depend upon it, fellow-countrymen, till you see this, you see nothing. If your statesmanship fail to comprehend it, I warn you that it will be a profane and atheistic statesmanship; and nothing will remain for your political probation, but to agonize on amid a wilder turbulence and a larger outpouring of blood. Believe me when I tell you that this war, cruel, tyrannical, brutal as it is on the part of your enemies, and subjecting you to the endurance of superhuman wrongs, has an incalculable value for yourselves, and for the Anglo-Saxon race on this hemisphere. But the realization of this immense benefit will be determined by the clearness with which you see, and the fidelity with which you embrace, the Providential principle of American civilization.

THE PROVIDENTIAL PRINCIPLE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

This principle is Local Sovereignty. I call it a Providential principle because its nature, history, results, indicate its origin. Looking at its nature, we see that it is analogous in politics to that sentiment of personal agency and responsibility, on which Christianity founds its entire influence over character and conduct. Its history, whether traced in Europe or upon this continent, evinces an energy, an expansibility, no other principle has displayed. In its results, we find everything that allies a principle with the happier fortunes of mankind.

Had the colonization of this continent followed immediately after its discovery, it is not difficult to see that this germ with its capacity for growth would not, at that time, have been planted in our soil. The sixteenth century had no such principle to give this new world of the West, and hence, every effort to occupy its territory, although imagination, ambition, and adventure stimulated the work, signal-

ly failed. Neither the influence of the "good and brave Coligny," nor the splendid abilities of Sir Walter Raleigh could suffice to accomplish an object so dear to their affections, and so inspiring to their hopes. Even then, England had the resources, the means, the population, with which, logically speaking, the process of colonizing could have been commenced. But she was not England. Not yet liberated from her prejudices, and from the servile policy which she had blindly inherited from a darker age, she had to wait for the century of Milton, when her own constitution shaped itself to the ideal of freedom before any marked progress could be made in colonizing these lands. Under the charters granted, Local Sovereignty grew, by degrees, to be the leading fact in colonial history. Where the internal struggle was severe, as in the case of Virginia, the triumph of the principle was most signal. Where it was repressed, as in the colony of New Netherlands, through the mercantile aristocracy of the mother country, no prosperity was enjoyed. New Amsterdam became New York when the Dutch colony passed into the hands of the English, and then, "for the first time the voice of the people was heard in its legislation; it began thenceforth to advance rapidly in population, and, notwithstanding occasional seasons of trial and depression, gave early promise of what it was one day to become."

Thus early did this principle acquire a firm hold on American soil as the tap-root of the Tree of Liberty, which should determine the height of its lofty trunk, and the outreach of its broad branches. Without doubt, it was an abridged principle. But still it was a principle, vital, aggressive, elastic. And had this single principle been wanting, the colonies could never have been reared to that strength of manhood which enabled them to confront so sturdily the arms of England.

The principle of Local Sovereignty, as practically applied during the colonial era, was often perverted. But even its abuses were overruled for

good. To develop a great political and moral principle, it is necessary to subject it to intestine conflict, no less than to outward strife. Precisely in this two-fold manner, was this doctrine purified from its corruptions, and fitted for its perfect work. Jealous of its claims, England resisted its progress and thus intensified its strength, while the intolerance exhibited towards Roger Williams in Massachusetts, and towards the Quakers in Virginia, prepared the way for that sentiment of religious liberty which was subsequently established. Step by step this doctrine of Local Sovereignty advanced until it brought on a collision between the mother country and the colonies. Only one thing remained for it to accomplish, viz: to change Englishmen into Americans, and this result, aided by revolutionary agencies, was speedily attained. Viewing this subject, then, in the light of facts, we see that this principle of Local Sovereignty passed through its colonial stage of development not merely as a political doctrine, but as a great social and moral fact. Every house that was built, every plantation opened, every article introduced into trade, every religious interest, assisted in its growth and maturity, so that it entered into social order, and demonstrated itself as a law of civilized humanity before it became a necessary political principle.

Its incipient stage of existence completed, Local Sovereignty expanded into State Sovereignty. Speaking of colonies, McCulloch remarks that, "if we except the restraints on their commerce, the monopoly of which was jealously guarded by the mother country, the inhabitants of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New England enjoyed nearly the same degree of freedom, when colonists of England, that they now enjoy as citizens of the powerful republic of the United States." But these restraints were removed and State Sovereignty perfected. Afterwards it formed, or rather undertook to form, a "more perfect Union." Rigid restraints were imposed on that "more

perfect Union;" checks and balances provided; a Senate of State Sovereignities organized; but despite of all, the one distinctive, paramount, providential idea of American thought and progress was near being crushed by departing from the type of European civilization, viz: *Local Sovereignty and Balance of Power*; and, in its stead, adopting the type of Asiatic civilization, viz: *Magnitude of Empire, and Consolidation of Power*. But the slow process of a return to original and philosophical principles soon commenced. First came the "Missouri Compromise," laying a solid bar, stronger than iron, between the two contending sections with their inherited colonial peculiarities, and engraving on it, that the United States were two peoples, moving in diverging directions. Then came "Internal Improvements," widening yet more the breach. Then followed the destruction of the United States Bank, a most vital step in preparing the way for the separation of the States. And thus, by degrees, the work of disintegration went on. Sectional industry perfected itself. Sectional consciences, in morals and religion, were formed. Roused to his utmost fury, the Puritan determined to develop the perfect ideal of himself, and embody it in flesh and blood. That achievement had never before been attempted. Puritanism had presented numerous forms of character. Webster and Adams were thoroughly unlike. Choate and Hale were foreigners to each other. Yale and Harvard were separated by one abyss. But the true type of character at last emerged before the world. It incarnated itself in John Brown. Not quite content with him, it reproduced itself in President Lincoln. A "more perfect Union" had now culminated in Abraham Lincoln. The work was done; North and South parted.

PROVIDENTIAL LAWS.

Every nation is a scheme of Providence to its own people. The immediate end of this scheme is to feed, clothe,

shelter and promote the well-being of its subjects, not by undertaking the offices of a paternal government, nor by artificial legislation in behalf of trade, but by respecting Providential Laws, as ordained in soil, climate and physical relations, and leaving industry and commerce to their own instincts. Whenever this end is consulted in the policy of a nation, the end itself becomes a means to another and wider end, the temporal welfare of mankind. Agreeably to this law, nations are local systems of Providence, subordinate to that economy of Providence which embraces the world and its inhabitants.

Statesmanship is the interpreter of these Providential Laws. It is the organ through which Providence makes known its will. Not unfrequently it falls far short of its divine purpose, substituting its factitious plans for the indications of a higher wisdom, perverting the freedom of nature by narrow restrictions, exhausting its affluence to feed the exchequer of sordidness, and thus degrading its high office into a selfish art. But its ideal is that of a Providential Ministry which executes, without fear or distrust, those cardinal laws that God himself has ordained. These laws it cannot make nor unmake. Its sole utility consists in administering them, subject to those considerations of expediency which respect time and circumstance in all legislative measures. Political economy is nothing more than a codification of these laws—a science that teaches what Providence means in the facts of soil, climate and products; in the divisions of the globe as apartments of one vast mansion for the occupancy of different nations; in the organization of different forms of industry as related to their own ends and co-related to one another.

A thoughtful mind, contemplating these laws, cannot fail to be impressed by their extent, variety and sovereign sway. Over all things, they are enthroned as supreme forces, to which, the pride of intellect, the exclusiveness of national vanity, the sensuality of

selfish commerce, must submit. Beneficent beyond computation, these myriads of forces, near and remote, palpable and subtle, copious and restricted, are everywhere working with serene, omnipotent energy to improve the earth as man's habitation, and to improve man himself for closer companionship with God. No miracles are here. But the miracle is, that society can be sustained without the direct intervention of Jehovah. A daily table is spread around the globe; every hour threads are spun for clothing that would reach thousands of miles; every year, cotton and woolen add another skin to the human body, and reciprocate the functions of animal life; the vast volumes of heat which nature stored up ages since in her magazines are liberated; the sunbeams that never shone on mortal eye, but silently descended with ancient forests into their awaiting receptacles, are set free from their subterranean confinement and gladden the homes of millions; iron, copper, lead, bring back eras past to enrich the present age; steam multiplies and expands human power till it strikes the verge of omnipotence; defects in one climate are compensated by superabundant advantages in another; Europe finds its counterpart in America, and America its complement in Asia; all co-operating, all combining, so that the race as one vast human being may be fed, clothed, warmed, sheltered, trained, educated, civilized, christianized.

But, furthermore, these Providential Laws are as solemn as sublime, as stern as truthful. Merciful when obeyed, yielding their munificent blessings on easy terms, they are agencies of wrath and wretchedness, if nations set themselves in array against them. Penalties, sure and certain, hedge them all around and no profane feet may trample upon them. They tolerate no compromises. They forgive no infractions. They accept no atonements. If nations violate these laws, they incur the anger of Providence, and are either doomed to ruin or punished until they learn wisdom.

Viewed in the light of these truths your position, fellow-countrymen, is a stewardship of immeasurable responsibility. It is a stewardship of political doctrines which, bequeathed by the past, lays the sanctity of venerable years upon your hearts. In these doctrines you profess the sovereignty of man as man, and the essential brotherhood of the human family. Aside from this fact, you have a stewardship of industry and trade which unite you to the rest of the world. The great staple which you produce, is one of the wonders of modern labor, and it has done more to revolutionize the relations of labor and capital, to establish new and salutary connections between agriculture and commerce than any other single agency in our age. Nor is this all. To give full efficiency to your political principles; to put your cherished creed of Republicanism in completer practice; to command your own energies so long cramped and confined; to elevate your industry by fraternizing more freely with mankind; you wisely separated from that scheme of Union which your statesmanship had illustrated, your valor ennobled, your patriotism hallowed. By this act you did not rebel against the United States. Sovereignty is incapable of rebellion. Subjects rebel; sovereigns never. But, nevertheless, it was an act of momentous significance, and, hear me when I tell you that in this measure, you consecrated yourselves, fellow-countrymen, to the sublime work which Providence had committed to your hands. The midnight sacrament of blood witnesses the presence of Jehovah in your midst, and, hour by hour, as He distributes amid your thinning ranks, the solemn emblems that symbolize your faith and reverence and love, you are called to confront those holy vows, which, in disrupting a magnificent empire, and assuming an attitude of lofty independence, brought you into nearer alliance with Providence, and dedicated you anew to liberty and humanity. The sad ritual still proceeds; the searching inquisition into the character of

elect discipleship yet continues; and the deepening gloom shuts us more closely, in unwhispered awe, within the shadows of the infinite. But every sacrament has its Judas! Not, perhaps, a Judas in flesh and blood; a cynic to scowl upon the sentiment that breaks its box of precious ointment, a traitor to sell his Christ for thirty pieces of silver;—the open, deliberate, avaricious Judas is not the man to be feared. But the insidious Judas that stealthily treads his way into all our hearts when least suspected—the unconscious Judas that strips a cause of its high sacredness, and sensualizes it to unworthy ends—the Judas that looks upon a grand revolution in the sordid aspect of dollars and cents, and is blind to its divinest aims;—this is the Judas that every great Providential movement has to dread. Never was there a revolution that, at some stage of its progress, was not perverted; and, let me impress upon you that it is by resisting these tendencies to abuse, far more than by their original energy, that revolutions achieve their most enduring results.

Our withdrawal from the Union was the effect of Providential causes; that no human agency was competent to resist. Sagacity expected it. Sagacity did its utmost to prevent it. Sagacity warned, pleaded, remonstrated, compromised, preached, prayed, fasted, wept, to arrest the event. It uttered its majestic voice in the farewell address of Washington. It repeated its tones of pathos in the language of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. Channing, Thornwell, Breckinridge, Adams, Hopkins, Fuller, Pierce, leading divines in their respective churches, foresaw the danger, and interceded to avert it. Never were so many arts of statesmanship, logic, interest, employed for any end as the perpetuation of the Union. But the course of events rolled on; every year the tide grew fuller, broader, darker; every year added fresh tributaries to its sweeping, surging, swollen momentum; until at last all barriers gave way, all boundaries yielded, and the highest Alps went

down beneath the victorious deluge.

It was a Providential decree. None could withstand it. Providence gave us fair warning that it would come. Few heeded the warning. A magnificent empire, stretching from Atlantic to Pacific, and covering the length of the continent; an empire that should be a world in itself, and still more, a world by itself; an empire that should multiply the original diversities of soil, climate, productions, and intensify the essential dissimilarity between races, temperaments and local institutions, while it reconciled all inherent antagonisms; such an empire was the dream of our statesmanship. But our statesmanship forgot that the laws of civilization are stronger than the laws of Government. The former dictate the policy of the latter; the former are elemental forces, the latter executive powers; the one proceeds from God, the other from men; the one like God are mighty and eternal, the other like men, short-lived and transient. Such a dream was in conflict with all the historic and traditional wisdom of the past. No logic of principles, no analysis of the philosophy of Government, no parallelisms of facts, none of the instinctive tendencies of industry and commerce, none of the international relations of the Western hemisphere could have inspired such a dream. Could this dream have been realized, it would have been realized by the development of a homogeneity that would have proved fatal to all freedom of growth, catholicity of sentiment and fraternity of industry, politics, society, religion.

But this ideality of empire was a splendid conception, and, like all great ideals, had most beneficent uses. It held us together until the fulness of time had come, and the principle of local sovereignty, subjected to long and instructive discipline, had been fitted to enter upon its work of rearing a series of nationalities that should embody the diversified civilizations of

the continent. The diversities had necessarily to assume shape, distinctness and vigor, before the process of disintegration could safely commence. A premature government, assuming to put itself in the van of civilization, is always a miscarriage. The womb of time has its fixed periods of gestation, and men cannot hurry them. Happily for the welfare of the hemisphere, the act of separation was delayed until the whole question of secession had passed from the uncertain ground of arguments to the solid ground of palpable facts. If we had left the Union on a logical deduction, on a governmental theory, on a prospective hypothesis, there would have been room to fear that the conclusions might not sustain the premises. Logic is the worst of revolutionizers. Heaven never entrusts a great cause to processes of reasoning. Facts are the only authorized reformers. Luther, Hampden, Cromwell, Washington, Napoleon, are simply other names for facts.

The wisdom of Providence in postponing this separation until certain interests in the Union had divided and made the experiment of sectional independence is a striking point in the history of this struggle. The preparatory trial of the safety, utility and propriety of disintegration was ordained of God, so that in the clear light of its results, we might advance to our political future without apprehensions. Several illustrations are at command, but we select only one, which, from the magnitude of the issues involved, will place the argument fully before the reader. We allude to the division in the Baptist and Methodist Episcopal Churches. In the case of the Baptist Church, it was a rupture of general relations, which existed for benevolent objects in the form of convention. In the case of the M. E. Church it was a rupture in the highest legislative body of the Church, and hence was organic. The separation proved of incalculable benefit to both these parties. The increase of their membership; the quickening impulse given to publishing interests, to education, to mission-

ary work; the augmentation of monetary receipts for benevolent objects; opened a new and wonderful era in their operations. The divine blessing followed the separation; and thus the finger of Providence, pointing to that result, showed us the futurity, which political separation would secure.

Looking, then, at the Union as an initial system for the organization of American society, it was most admirably adapted to accomplish its end. It created a safeguard for liberty. It checked the tendencies to excessive individualism, and generated a specific style of character, which, however rude and gross in certain aspects, yet afforded the energetic materials for a subsequent process of refinement. Impulse and imaginative activity are essential to the first stages of national life; but, as we had no feudalism, no chivalry, no crusades, no El Dorados, to furnish this pabulum of lusty growth and exuberant vigor, the enthusiasm of a grand empire, holding half a hemisphere in its grasp, supplied the needed nectar to this modern Jupiter. Its work perfected, its volcanic muscle embodied in iron, its finer ideals sculptured in marble, the great Union passed away. But, in no sense was it a failure. It did precisely and completely all it was designed to do. It lived its three-score and ten, and then expired by the divine statute of limitation. Had it attained "*four-score years*" its "strength" would have been "*labor and sorrow.*" And hence, when it terminated its existence, it had prepared the way for a more noble and permanent economy of political society. Unconsciously to itself, through all the periods of its wonderful existence, in all its phases of fortune, in its acquisitions of territory, in its internal conflicts, in its triumphs, in its defeats, it had been slowly but steadily working out for the North, for the South, for Indiana, for Texas, for California, *a simpler and stronger principle of American government and civilization.* We say, *unconsciously.* The sublimest workers are always unconscious of their work. If they knew what they

did, logic would enervate inspiration while godlike energies would expire in mortal imbecility.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

One of the necessary effects of the Federal Union was to afford the respective States a full opportunity for self-development. If the common trust-agent, superintended their foreign affairs, and performed other offices of general utility, it must be obvious that under such a system, local sovereignty would have ample room to expand in the sphere, reserved to its own activity. Union, therefore, was the logical antecedent to *Disunion*. But no sane man can regard disunion as an end in itself. Therefore, we urge that *Disunion* is the antecedent to *Unity*. Unity is essentially different from union. The one is inward; the other outward. The former springs from common sentiments and aims; the latter from common relations to the same objects. The one rests on the sympathy which flows from individuality; the other from society. Unity is consistent with the largest diversity; Union inconsistent. Unity adjusts and reconciles dissimilar elements; union antagonizes them. Unity is the principle of vital association; union is the law of formal connection. If this analysis is correct it is easy to perceive that the disruption of the American Union was an important step in the advancing march of Western civilization. Their term of childhood ended, their age of manhood dawning, the States have commenced the vast work of distributing themselves into empires, according to geographical position, industrial affinities, and social identity. Had there been no Missouri Compromise, no Texas annexation, no Kansas Bill, no John Brown, no President Lincoln, this process of dismemberment could not have been long deferred. Nor can any human power arrest its progress. Nothing but an intellectual blindness, amounting to idiotcy, would undertake to arrest this outworking of inherent and instinctive destiny. A single oak

matures its acorns by the same laws that it matures itself, then scatters them over the earth, and, in following years sees a continent of oaks, like it in prolific vitality; like it in majestic size, its welcome companions, its genial fellows, its proud descendants. Such an oak was the American Union, and such a destiny is reserved for its approaching years.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM" must now be re-written. It is no more "*One of Many*," but "*Many of One*." The same causes that made the South outgrow the limitations of the Union; the same imperative discipline of sectional circumstances; the same awakening of intellect and energy, are at work, and cannot be repressed. Like continental forces that upheave a world from the deep, they will exert their might and crush all resistance. Whoever plants a hostile front in their way, arrays himself against the onward march of civilization. Whoever grapples with them grapples with Almighty God. "*Many of One*" is the inaugural of the new dispensation. Federalism on a vast scale is an obsolete thing. Incongruous with the spirit of the nineteenth century, adverse to the law of progress, the creed of an expired conservatism, it cannot interpose its puny power in the conflict which to-day wages with yesterday in behalf of tomorrow. Suppose that Federalism obliterate all State lines. Can it obliterate the stubborn facts that State lines represent? Can it crush the wild energy of the Northwest? Can it turn the face of California from Asia? Instincts are sovereign. Men will obey them just as the globe obeys gravitation.

But in this distribution of political power under new and varied nationalities, or under confederacies, a principle of pacification and prosperity must be found. Such a principle, acknowledging the rights of each party as distinct and independent, must present a common ground on which all can meet. And this common ground is the free interchange of their industrial products. Any restrictions on the

trade of this continent will be downright political madness. The unity of the continent, of its respective sections of its complementary interests, are stern facts which nature has settled once and forever. Bear in mind, that the labor and capital of this country are already organized in accommodation to the laws of physical geography and the demands of established markets. And, moreover, remember that all political legislation, if it have any claim to statesmanship must conform to facts and circumstances as they exist. All such facts and circumstances are the indices of Providence, pointing out the course for statesmanship to follow. Looking at this North American continent, its peculiar contour, its simplicity of form, its remarkable inter-relation of parts, its diversities as tributary to unity, its capacity for localization and its massive completeness, any statesman must be singularly blind who would advocate any other scheme of trade than one based on perfect reciprocity of interest, and the most liberal interpretation of the claims of mutual brotherhood.

Diversity and unity are the two pillars of all continental civilization. You have divorced diversity and union, and high Heaven is ratifying the act as final by sealing it with blood. The great problem now is to adjust the claims of diversity and unity. I repeat it to you, these are the pillars of continental civilization. Without them Europe would not be Europe. With them, America can be America, a far wiser, better, more peaceful and prosperous America than ever before. The principle which I advocate lies back of all governmental policy; nor indeed can governments be considered other than empirical if they neglect to consult its supreme obligations. It is a principle of catholicity, of strength, security and peace. It has cost the world more treasure, more wretchedness, more blood, in reaching its present degree of development, than any other doctrine of governmental science; and now that the new era of the Western Hemisphere, struggling

in the throes of its birth, is about to offer you this principle of conciliation and fraternity, let me warn you that it only can give a determinate shape to the prospective and conjoint civilization of our continent.

Standing at the mouth of the Ohio, let us survey the far-reaching landscape, which is now occupied by the United States and the Confederate States. The mountain chain, running nearly through its length, and shaping itself so as to repeat the coast line of the Atlantic, leaves the country open from North to South. Like a huge backbone, it braces the ribs of numerous States, through which it passes. All along its slopes it contains metallic and mineral treasures, which are susceptible of easy distribution. Placed between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, it extends its advantages with equal liberality to the industry and trade which border the ocean or follow the great river. Our first line of colonization was the Atlantic coast; our second, the Mississippi, each following the same continental direction and branching to these mountains as their common junction. In Asia the mountain ranges insulate one people from another. China and India are rendered foreigners to each other by one of those immense ridges which separate sections of the East by impassable barriers. But on this hemisphere, an opposite law prevails. The mountains unite and bind together the physical and industrial interests which belong to the Eastern and Western divisions, while they sufficiently diversify them for reciprocal benefit. But while the Atlantic slopes, and the West are thus intimately connected, North and South are made likewise dependent. The vast region drained by the Mississippi is perfectly correlated in all its parts, nor does the world present as striking an instance of diversity as the condition of unity.

Whoever will look at this subject calmly and carefully will discover three facts of great importance. The first is the occupancy of the entire Atlantic line as the base of our original civili-

zation, and the inseparable connection thus established between the industry of all its sections. The second is the repetition of this Northern and Southern connection on the Mississippi and its tributaries. The third is the lines of trade extending from the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic coast. Whether, then, we trace the arteries of civilization in the direction of latitude or longitude, the same fact meets us, viz: **UNITY.**

Certain it is, inflexibly and inexorably certain, that some substitute must be had for the Federal scheme of Union. The process of dismemberment must continue until the constituent parts of the United States, liberated from the destructive agencies which Mr. Lincoln, not our secession, has developed among them, shall be driven, as a measure of self-protection, to organize themselves either in nationalities or in confederacies. Whether we contemplate Federalism in its capacity *during peace* for unjust legislation, corrupt patronage, and the terrible sway of numerical majorities, or in its capacity *during war* for consolidation, tyranny and brutality, our minds cannot evade, cannot suspend, cannot even palliate the conclusion that it is irreconcilable with local liberty and local institutions, whenever they expand themselves over a broad and diversified surface. The practical realization of this truth is only a matter of time. But, meanwhile, all sections of the country ought to see that a plan of continental unity, such as shall acknowledge the independence of each nationality or confederacy, and secure the free intercommunity of trade and commerce, will give the benefits without the evils of union. Passion and prejudice may obscure for the present this truth, but its final triumph depends no more than the revolution of the globe on any human contingencies.

PRINCIPLES AND POLICY.

Whenever a revolutionary movement proposes to change the institutions of a community, its ideas and measures are amenable, no less than its means and instruments, to those laws

which are organic in the scheme of Providence, as applied to human society. Ours is not, strictly speaking, a revolution. No element necessarily disturbing existed in the act of withdrawal from the Union. Like a partner retiring from a mercantile firm, whose business still continues, we simply resumed our original sovereignty, leaving the United States to maintain in the offices of government within its own limits, and agreeably to its specific functions. The revolutionary sentiment which has so vitally affected the progress of this movement, originated with our enemies, who, in their strange hallucinations, made secession the occasion for revolution. Taken in all its connections present and prospective—this fact is a political anomaly that no statesman can explain on any accepted principle of human government. But this aside. The great fact with which we are dealing is, that we have asserted our independence. By this act we severed our relations to a political system which had proved adverse to our best interests. By this act we presented ourselves before the world as a candidate for admission into the family of nations. By this act we pledged ourselves to the welfare of mankind, bringing our distinctive ideas, industry, resources, usages and institutions into the common stock of humanity. By this act we declared that whatever was local should not be exaggerated into an international injury; that whatever was peculiar to us as a people should work no serious detriment to the other branches of the world's vast household; and that while we employed our own agencies in the development of our resources, and held our own convictions without any control but truth, and any restrictions but a moral sense of expediency, we would advance to the extent of our ability, the peace and prosperity of all people. Let us see how far these promises, made in our covenant with Providence, and proclaimed, furthermore, to the world, have been redeemed, or rather, how far we have given indications of their redemption.

Fellow-countrymen, the hours that now darken for us the dial-plate of time with their infinite shadows are too full of sadness and sorrow for any indulgence in carping criticism. Heartless must that man be who, amid the sanctities of grief now resting upon our dear land, could profane the tenderness of such an occasion by harsh censures and sharp denunciations. The hallowing breath of God is in that wail of mourning which now rises over thousands of graves, and from homes sadder than graves, and which recites, in the litany of breaking hearts, three years of carnage and anguish. Apart from this, the struggles of our great and good men in the offices of statesmanship—their fidelity to sacred trusts—their constancy of heroism under superhuman pressure, demand an appreciation at our hands, that no words of mine can fitly express. Yet truth is consistent with kindness and charity, nor is it ever so truthful as when the affections of the heart strengthen, and sanctify the logical deductions of the understanding. No man of defective sensibilities can ever see a great

truth in its entire scope; and hence, if we would reach just and abiding conclusions, we must attain them quite as much through the emotions as through the intellect.

First, let me say, that our style of thinking during the pendency of this struggle has been too low, too sordid, too sensual, for the grand issues involved. So far from our thoughts and impulses being commensurate with the sublimity of our position as the conservators of American liberty, and the standard-bearers of a new and more potent civilization, we have been content to consider the struggle as a mere conflict with the Federal arms. Forgetting that high conceptions of our mission to the nations are necessary precursors to deeds of splendid valor, forgetting that the achieving brain is the herald of the achieving hand, forgetting that a people's acts never exceed the measure of their ideas; still more, forgetting that Providence signals its first presence among a community by the sentiments and corresponding impulses which it communicates ere it foins their exploits to lofty ideals; forgetting all these, we have degraded our cause by regarding it mainly or altogether in the light of a resistance to the avaricious lust and ferocious hate of our enemies. I would not have you to contemplate it chiefly in that aspect. Such an aspect, solemn beyond description, it has, but not that only. I would not have you lower yourselves by placing your manhood in contrast with the fanatics who hunger and thirst for your ruin.

Nor should you imagine that the paramount issue in this conflict is property. That is an issue, but not the greatest. The real question involved is your manhood, and the chieftainship of that manhood in protecting American liberty. On you and your arms, hang the destinies of this continent, and no inferior aim can confer upon your achievements that resplendent halo to which they are entitled. Property never made a grand revolution. It never undertook one that it did not sensualize its spirit, and enslave its subjects. Already it has debauched scores of our brethren, who once followed the eagle in his flight, but now attend the buzzard in his search. Step by step, year by year, causes beyond human control have been steadily advancing this revolution to that high ground which it was destined to occupy. Step by step, year by year, all secondary elements have been more or less eliminated from the sanguinary debate, until at last the naked alternative of manhood or extermination is only offered. Believing that the Federal despotism must trample on the liberties of its own people just in the same ratio that it advances on ours, I look for the time to arrive when the downcast and down-trodden of the United States will hail you as their benefactors and allies in crushing a tyranny that is hastening to its overthrow. You cannot fight this battle for yourself alone. Providence shapes the issue for itself. Despite of our immediate purposes, (in themselves honorable and noble,) its omniscience is guiding our steps into something grander than a sectional triumph. Ours, there-

fore, is a sublime attitude. It is the attitude of men who should be raised infinitely above all mercenary considerations; who should shirk self and selfishness in a cause so transcendently glorious; and who, discharging from their minds all other impressions, should think of nothing but fighting or dying. Conscious of girding on the sword of the Almighty for no ambitious ends; claiming nothing but what his title has conveyed as your inheritance; your sacred position is at the side of that Supreme Presence, whence you may survey the fearful magnitude of that ministry which has been confided to your hands. You are not merely Southern heroes but American heroes; and as in the olden time, the Ark was removed from the Tabernacle into the temple, so, by your agency, if faithfully executed, the true ark of American freedom will pass from the temporary tabernacle which it occupied, and find a permanent resting-place in that temple of which you are called to be the architects.

But have, we this spirit, my countrymen? Forgive me if I wrong you. Forgive me if I seem to wrong you. But it would seem that our policy has aimed at repeating a civilization that has ended its career and departed, rather than initiating a new, broader, better system. Vain, absurdly vain is it for us to endeavor to be a Southern United States. We cannot reproduce extinct ideas. But we must develop sentiments out of our own high instincts—sentiments which catching the spirit of the age, and reflecting upon the world the true meaning of our wonderful position, shall be aggressive upon the mind of the whole American people. I do not mean, aggressive arms. I mean that we are to stand for that political philosophy which is dictated by the peculiar circumstances of this struggle, and enforced as great truths never were upon our assent and acceptance. Reconstruction is banished from the arena of discussion as an odious thing. It is with Benedict Arnold in his grave; but while this is true, let us not forget that reproduction is next akin to reconstruction. We want no Washington city doctrines or dogmas. We want men who, like Sir Robert Peel, will undo what bad legislation had previously done. A thorough reform in ideas is the consummation to be desired. Men who like Ricardo can regenerate ideas—men like Andrew Jackson, who can restore a fact to the place where it belongs—men who can put the Confederacy abreast with the age and inflame its mighty heart with the impulses rushing towards its fresh, young blood—these are the men we need for such momentous times.

Our statesmanship has not yet expanded itself to the measure of its opportunities. It has not raised itself to the "height of this great argument." Again and again, it has confessed its surprise at the magnitude this struggle has assumed, but a statesman, like a general, should never be surprised. If he lacks sagacity he lacks the sum and substance of statesmanship. Anybody can see; to foresee is statesmanship. The demagogue is the ephemeral insect of the hour; the politician is the creature of the pass-

ing day; the statesman is the prophet of the future. Edmund Burke was such a prophet. So were Luther, Martin, Patrick Henry, and Mason. To read contingencies, as common minds read the uniform laws of nature; to combine chances with the regularity of established sequences; to see where exceptional agencies intersect the lines along which ordinary events travel; to calculate the deflections of the compass, and pilot the ship of State accordingly; this, and this only, is true statesmanship. But the scroll of coming events which our old prophets were wont to read is now a modern newspaper. Nor is this strange. Our statesmen are not to blame for it, because the people will not have it otherwise. Seeing is as much a matter of the atmosphere as of the sunshine. Our American political atmosphere is full of popular exhalations, and as foggy as the banks of Newfoundland. If a great light emerge above the common horizon of intellect, the dusty, sooty air straightway disputes passage, and the red ray only reaches the earth. The people, I repeat, are to blame for it. A great people never fail to produce great statesmen. A vast continent must have vast mountains, and by a parallelism of law, a noble commonwealth embodies its intonations, yearnings, aspirations, in noble statesmen. But we, in imitation of cheap art, mould our figures in plaster when the marble invites the sculpturing chisel. Our method of forming statesmen is altogether peculiar to ourselves. We manufacture them too often out of politicians. We call the manufactured product a statesman. Doubtless, a rose would smell as sweet if called by any other name, but the politician is not a rose.

One of the earliest indications of this revolution was that it would instrumentally effect a substantial change in international law. Again and again, the gross defects in that high-sounding system had made themselves apparent to the eyes of Christendom. Again and again its oneness, its fragmentary traditions, its versatile maxims, its flagrant wrongs, had been displayed. Nothing seemed wanting but a striking occasion, one adequate to enlist the sympathies of the world, to accomplish a radical reform in this important code. It was not in conformity with the spirit of the age—not identical with the unwritten creed of universal humanity—not based on principles broad as the surface of the globe, and sacred as the heart of philanthropic brotherhood. Nor could this state of things be avoided. Within a few years nations have made unprecedented advances in the variety, extent and intimacy of their interrelations. New problems have offered themselves for solution. The capacity of belligerents to injure each other has been vastly augmented, and the liability of neutrals to suffer from war—a liability founded on deference to combatants—has been likewise increased. Almost the whole surface of society has changed within the nineteenth century; and consequently an international system adapted to the past, needed adjustment to the present. So far as can be seen, this occasion

has been lost, or, at least, suspended, and we have ourselves to censure for it.

Free trade is destined to reconstruct international law. The freedom of the seas, which is one of the cardinal facts in international law, is no truer or grander principle than the freedom of the continents. Nations as such have jurisdiction over their own soil, while the oceans are common property. The right of the sea inheres in man as man, but viewed in a broad moral light, there is no more nationality in production and distribution than nationality in the sea. If France trade with England by the exchange of certain articles, each wishes to obtain from the other, the real feature of the transaction is one section of the earth supplying another. If an American buy of a German, it is not as American and German that they transact business, but as one citizen of the globe purchasing of another. Nationality has no natural connection with trade and commerce, as it regards prescribing conditions, under which they may occur. Moreover, no nations can assume a more arrogant and pernicious power than to determine the terms that shall govern interchange of commodities. If let alone, the commodities will internationalize themselves. But nations are slow to discern that a liberal and enlightened policy is equally a tribute to their own sagacity and the wisdom of others; and the last folly which they yield is the folly of dreaming that they can thrive by injuring their neighbors. The object of commerce is to equalize the products of the earth; its function is compensative; it completes one civilization by availing itself of the sources of another civilization; but just in proportion as trade is restricted these objects are thwarted. Had not false legislation on this subject generally outwitted itself, it would have arrested, long since, the progress of humanity.

We held a great power in our grasp in the shape of cotton, and we turned the power against ourselves. Such fatuity would ordinarily require, like the deposits of mud at the mouth of the Mississippi, some centuries for its development, but we effected it with incredible dispatch. The leading staple of our industry, cotton, internationalized our trade. It put us in alliance with Europe. No other article, known to commerce, had so fully, so closely, intertwined itself with foreign interests. The band of the humble African, who toiled in a Southern plantation, was the initial of a series of fellowships, industrial, mechanical, mercantile, commercial, manufacturing, that terminated in a Victoria, a Napoleon. Its wide range, from the commonest osnaburg to the finest lace, covered an immense surface of productive activity, while inventive genius, working through Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, and Whitney, had probably attained its utmost limits in perfecting machinery to cheapen its products, and fit them for universal use. A man must have an atheistic intellect who cannot recognize the special bestowment of Providence in this munificent gift to the South. Nor can I doubt, that one of the divine purposes of this revolution was to test our capacity to employ

this great trust in accordance with the ends for which God had been pleased to confer it upon our people. The test was applied, and we failed to sustain it.

If there is a single article in the world that contains in itself all the maxims, principles, deductions, of political economy, that article is cotton. If there is one that presents an unanswerable argument for free trade, it is cotton. But we perverted it from its uses. We shut it up to the service of our selfishness. We put it under the ban of the restrictive system. We undertook to convert it from a commercial power into a political power. It was to be our Tallyrand practising the arts of a cunning Diplomacy. By its agency we were to ascend the Throne of God, seize his sceptre, and ordain a cotton famine in England. Providence is sternly retributive. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." *Measure for measure!* The policy hurt us worse than it hurt England.

Probe any social phenomenon to its heart, and you strike a moral fact. The moral fact in this instance is simply this, viz: we have been unfaithful to our political stewardship. False to our position, we have sacrificed our principles to caprice; our vows are unfulfilled, and our covenant with the brotherhood of humanity broken. The proud Pharisee thanked God that he was not an "extortioner," but his meagre complacency is denied us. Achan paid his life for the wedge of Gold, but our Achans revel in unchallenged respectability. The eloquence of Portia pleaded against Shylock, but our Portias, lifting holy hands to Heaven, find no response to their beseeching tears.

Looking at the facts that have thus passed in consecutive review, you can hardly fail to see, fellow-countrymen, that political economy is a nicely balanced system of compensations, of which Providence is the stern and unrelenting executive. Like the machinery of a vast clock-work, whose wheels, weights, pendulum, are so united as to feel in all its motions the disturbance of a single part, this wonderful scheme of checks and balances is prompt to repel by means of its complicated forces, any interruption of its legitimate activity. A terrible Nemesis is hidden beneath its agencies and from quarters least expected, punishment advances to meet our offences. Sooner or later, we learn that Providence cannot be cheated—that for every wrong done a penalty must be paid down, while on the other side of its inflexible constancy, we read the great truth uttered by St. Bernard, "Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

If we view the phenomena of this war in a broad light we cannot escape the conviction that Providence is overruling the issues for much wider results than have been expected. It has chastised our errors with signal decision, but the mercy of these severe inflictions

already begins to appear. We are realizing through the ministry of affliction that we cannot stand isolated and alone. We are learning that African slavery, entrusted to our hands as a divine institution, is an European fact as well as an American fact. We are learning that nations cannot convert themselves into Icebergs, floating in their wayward channels over the ocean. We are learning that nations are links in a chain—each welded by mightier strokes than the arm of statesmanship can strike—and that along that chain girding the globe, the thoughts of Providence flash in electric light, their momentous meanings. Arrayed against us are all the agencies that our enemies can summon to their aid. But these agencies are achieving an end which they have not foreseen. They are driving new wedges of separation through the remaining portions of the old Union. The foremost secessionist of the day is President Lincoln, and, all unawares to himself and his fanatical party, he is rapidly dismembering his country. The effort to turn the waters of the Mississippi into the Erie Canal will bring a deluge over the North in due time. Outrages on private rights, consolidation and tyranny; will bring their recompense; and these laborious efforts to twist cables out of sand, and make water flow up hill will provoke their reward. Yes yes:

"The mills of God do slowly wind,
But they at last to powder grind."

We are entering, fellow-countrymen, on an eventful year. The moral of this gigantic conflict, presenting hitherto its partial and detached aspects now begins to emerge in completeness, into the profounder consciousness of both sections. Ages are but the outgrowth of those special seasons when God confronts the nations of the earth with the stern decisions of His sovereignty. Not infrequent are those awful occasions, marked as judgment days in the calendar of time, on which, eternal justice, long robbed of its ballowed rights in the humanity it has redeemed, suddenly appears through the parting firmament on its great white throne, and summons rulers and people to give an account of their stewardship. Such an occasion has been pending for these three years, and indications are not wanting that the final bearing in this majestic court is now about to occur. Our dead, our enemies' dead, have risen from their graves to act as witnesses in this searching inquisition, and, crowding the red horizon that surrounds the scene of trial, they stretch their bloody hands towards the judge as mute tokens of remembered anguish. But the arch-angel has, not been commissioned to place one foot upon the sea, and swear that for us, time shall be no longer. No such fate awaits us, if we gird ourselves for the final crisis now impending.

Gird ourselves we will, and bravely meet the last onset of the foe. One more manly resistance and this accumulating surge, gathering its waters from two hemispheres will begin to roll back upon Northern shores, its muddy foam, and its blacker filth.

I have written these words, fellow-countrymen, plainly and earnestly, but with the feeling that no utterance of truth is worth anything that is not alike tender and bold. The faults of our policy; the errors of principle which we have committed; the occasional blunders into which we have fallen, are due to ourselves, not to our great leaders. I have no other than feelings of esteem and admiration for the statesman who is our Chief Executive, and for the other illustrious men who are connected with this revolution. But while I feel this most profoundly, I feel also that Providence has not allowed us hitherto to put forth our full strength in this struggle. Our genius for statesmanship, the most marked fact in the history of the colonial and Federal eras, has not sustained itself. Its prestige has not been vindicated; its splendid abilities have been put under arrest, denied their foresight, denied their easy adequacy to the demands of the occasion; and, amid those evils which always descend upon a people when Providence withdraws its illuminations from their statesmen, we have been left to undergo that stern discipline of thought and virtue which this revolution required as the most vital pre-requisite to success. Signs are not wanting that a vast change for the better is approaching its consummation. Had we disrupted ourselves from political falsehoods and pernicious heresies when we severed our connections with the Union, had our statesmen dispensed with the necessity of a transition period, and passed at once from worn out creeds of political economy into the earnest appreciation of those paramount doctrines which are founded in international comity; we should to-day have witnessed another state of things in our midst. But the severe training is perfecting its glad results. Our statesmanship is awakening to a sense of its true position. The future is opening its blessedness, and never did a year dawn upon a people with more promise than 1864 dawns on the citizens of these Confederate States.

We shall fight this year as we have never fought; and, if Providence so ordain, we shall fight on, year after year, until our purposes are accomplished. In arms we have

not been uniformly successful, but our cause has always been victorious. It has lost nothing. It has gained every day. Stronger this hour than ever, it only waits for us to put away our political selfishness, our social selfishness, our Confederacy selfishness—one and all inimical to truth, justice and charity; one and all hateful to God; it only waits for this result to crown itself with completest glory.

Through the Atlantic ocean, there is a majestic river called the Gulf stream. Starting from the fountain-head of the Gulf of Mexico, warm with the life, blood of the equator, a balmy summer of the sea, it pursues its course towards the Arctic ocean. No cities adorn its banks; no variegated landscapes stretch down to its sides; no busy hum of industry is heard up on its shores; no church-bells chime with its running waters; no poetry tunes its measures to its blue waves. Within the ocean it is not of the ocean, but holds its distinctiveness as though conscious of its own appointed tasks. No such current is known in the world. "Its current," says Lieutenant Maury, "is more rapid than the Mississippi, or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater." Off Cape Hatteras, off the Grand Banks, it still holds its victorious way, hastening as no river hastens, to perform its destined work. And then far away in Northern latitudes its vast freight of heat is distributed to the British Islands and Western Europe, relieving France and England of the effects of their geographical positions, and adapting their climates to the seat of magnificent civilizations. But this grand agency of compensation is only symbolic of the sphere, which we as a people are being trained to fill. Our sectionalism, our local prejudices, our dogmatisms, are undergoing the sure process of liberalization, and Providence is preparing us to bless the nations. Let us be patient and hopeful. Transition periods are always convulsive. Periods of preparation are dark and gloomy. But a splendid future is ours if we will be co-workers with Providence. Our political creed is written for us by the hand of Heaven, and our part is to accept its principles as final. If like Niagara, this stream of blood pours over its precipice, like Niagara, its white cloud of incense rises towards the heavens of God, wreathed with the rainbows that prophecy the advent of a most blessed peace.

CINCINNATUS.

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AND

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